





# THE WESLEYAN

VOLUME LXXI



No. 1

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# ALWAYS LATE

By PATSY ANN DAVISON

Sometimes as I sit patiently waiting for my date to arrive, I wonder if I'm not living in the wrong era. At least when the brave, chivalric knight of ancient times arrived two days late, he could boast of a slain dragon or two. Even in later years it was the custom to have the young gentlemen wait for a few minutes in the stuffy downstairs parlor. But now—how times have changed! The lad of this speeded-up jet age is certainly a paradox to everything about him. The inventor of the stop watch, the punch clock and the impatient girl is definitely not his friend, for he is always late.

Like most of those who find themselves continually in the position of inventing a reason, he has the gift of alibi. He usually begins with the same routine used by radio announcers who explain the absence of your favorite soap opera by announcing, "Due to conditions beyond our control and on and on . . ." Seeing that you have that look of "I've heard this story before," he gives a play-by-play description of every psychological thought and biological action leading up to his late arrival. Listening to his compact story (which not even Sherlock could crack), one comes to the conclusion that he could have arrived thirty minutes earlier if he had not stopped to work out the elaborate excuse.

Your ego is souped up like a stock car by the reasons for his tardy appearance. After all, the coldest, most unemotional girl could understand that a growing boy can't leave supper without dessert, especially pineapple upside-down cake, or that he got into a fascinating talk with big brother, or that mother insisted that he do the dishes.

If he finds you in a particularly angry mood because you have stood for an hour in your evening dress, not wishing to smash the bow in the back, he gives the tear-jerker story a try. Yes, his father accidentally broke a jar in the fried chicken, and it took a long time to cook another one. Seeing your unsympathetic smirk, he quickly continues that he suddenly realized with great horror that he would be late. So he hurriedly picked up the chicken from the pan and burnt his fingers. Drying your eyes, you kiss the wound, and proceed to the dance with your smiling escort.



Fortunately time cures everything. No, he doesn't change—you adapt to the inevitable. If you are the frail, meek type, you get dressed and wait on the curb so as not to be any later than necessary to the party. This plan is fine in warm weather, but the winter may find you looking like a lawn statue upon his arrival. The strong domineering type will await his entrance to start dressing, but then there are some places you can't go unescorted.

With experience, you learn the many tricks of controlling your ever rising blood-pressure. As for me, I plan to use artificial flowers at the wedding . . .

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#### MOOD PIECE

*I see a star for every second  
full of smiles,  
I know a leaf that's blown  
for every small caress,  
I've seen a brook for every bit  
of bubbling laughter,  
I've watched a burning light  
for every warming tenderness,  
I've felt a wind  
for every whispered trust,  
I've sensed the stillness  
for every moment of serenity,  
I've heard the song of night  
for each eternal rapture,  
In the flaming of our love  
on the altar of tomorrow.*

ELEANOR ALLEN

# PEGGY

By GAYLE ATTAWAY

Peggy quickly twisted the radio dial to the station number. She turned the volume up a bit. Just a tiny bit to be sure she didn't miss a single word of the tender, sentimental, and so important dedications.

Her history book pages fluttered unnoticed in the crisp fall breeze blowing through the dormitory windows. Peggy switched off the bright glare of the study lamp and slowly relaxed. The disc jockey's first words set the proper dim-light-soft-music scene.

"From a Sigma Chi to the special girl of his dreams in the freshman dorm."

The tender strains filled the room and pushed their way into Peggy's heart.

"A Sigma Chi—and I'm the special girl of his dreams, all he's ever wanted, gay, witty, charming, matched to his every mood. How could he possibly see all these things in me. He's so wonderful that I'm only his reflection, but having him think that I am his girl, the girl of his dreams . . ."

Peggy closed her eyes as if to hold this pleasant heat warming feeling looked right in her heart and mind. She swayed her head slightly to the chorus melody, liking the feel of her hair brushing against her shoulders.

"He likes long hair, falling straight to my shoulders, long and shiny clean. He likes to rub his cheek against it while we're dancing . . ."

Peggy opened her eyes slowly, tilting her head downward so that she could practice looking up beneath the fringe of her eyelashes.

"He said my eyes were the color of his prize blue aggie marble he had when he was in grammar school. I wonder what he looked like on his knees in the school yard playing marbles. I wonder if he had a girl then, too, and if her eyes were the color of his blue aggie . . ."

Peggy hummed the closing strain and smiled to herself, a gentle sweet smile, lifting the corners of her mouth ever so slightly, letting the dimples play about her cheeks before coming into full view.

"He said dimples were a sign of sweetness, the whipped cream on strawberry shortcake. He noticed my dimples on our very first date when I smiled at him as I walked into the date parlor. He always notices small things that most boys would never see. He's so wonderful—and I'm his dream girl, his special one . . ."

The song faded; another melody began. The announcer's same pulsating voice filled the room—"From a law student to a special someone that he'll be seeing this week-end."

"A law student, poised, ambitious, handsome, and he'll be here this



week-end. He wants to see *me* this week-end. We'll go walking down by the lake on the back campus and then have dinner in that rustic little inn on the lake shore. We'll have a wonderful time and I'll wear my new blue sweater. He likes for me to wear blue to match my eyes. I'll tie my hair back. He likes the out-door look . . ."

Peggy swung her head back, pulling her blond hair into a pony tail with both hands and smiling an infectious grin. She opened her eyes wide and studied their sparkling reflection in the dresser mirror across the narrow room. She tapped her foot rhythmically to the popular tune, then listened attentively to the announcer's dedication of the next song.

"A Junior in Hilton's dorm sends his apologies to a certain some one for their misunderstanding and hopes they'll soon make up."

Peggy's eyes misted as she thought of their silly, childish fuss and her lower lip trembled. Brushing a tear away with the back of her hand she glanced at the clock.

"Eleven-thirty! So late already! And this history quiz at eight-thirty in the morning."

Peggy switched on the study lamp, blinking in the sudden bright glare. She flicked the radio dial off regretfully and pulled her history text and note across the desk to her. Peggy's hand automatically reached out for her glasses and she idly placed them on her nose, the rims framing two sleepy brown eyes. She slid her hand quickly through her short brown Toni and bent her head over the printed page.

But the haunting melody of the tune ran through her mind and Peggy unconsciously swung her head to feel the swish of long golden locks on her shoulders. . . .

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### CROSSROADS

*Think of our lives as parallel roads  
Which for a year have nearly blended,  
Over each have been carried jumbled loads  
Of cares, which soon were rightly mended.*

*Each road has come from a common abode  
And traveled o'er mountains and vales;  
The Master Charterer's hand has showed  
The right way to steer through gales.*

*In separate paths these roads must scale  
The unknown heights laid before,  
But together seeking the Holy Grail,  
They shall be joined forevermore.*

SARAH MCGEE



# MOUNTAIN LOST

By ELEANOR ALLEN

I was countin' out Miz Cooper's eggs when he come bangin' in the door at his usual time. He stood there stampin' the snow off his boots and slapping at the sides of his old black coat like always but I could tell he wasn't so spry that day. Maybe it was the winter. Winter always did get him down.

He called out, "Afternoon," to Miz Cooper and me and went over to his chair behind the stove. No sooner had he got his feet up on the pipe when the little whoopin' things jumped out and ran at him from behind the cracker barrel. Five of 'em there was and all yelling at one time.

"Here now, boys," he growled at 'em. "Why aren't you all at home tendin' your wood? And Allie, I'm surprised at you down here jumping around just like the boys. Does your ma know where you are?"

As soon as she stopped bobbing her head to get a little breath, the boys started in.

*"The Giant."*

*"No, The Old Mean Bear."*

*"No, The Brave Horse."*

"Oh, the one you told yesterday!"

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute, boys," he said. "Come here, Allie. We don't often have a young lady with us, boys, so I think we should let her choose the story today. What would you like to hear, Allie?"

"Oh, a love story," she sighed.

At that the two Mooney boys fell off the pickle barrel and rolled on the floor, howling like hyenas. They wore out after while, though, and climbed back up as he started talking.

"Well, now, I don't know many love stories. In fact, I can't think of but one and it's pretty old. I'll tell you—do you see that mountain over there? Lean over toward the window. Can you see that big one? Well, on the other side of that mountain is a little valley. It's not too big, but the land's mighty good. A man could get a good crop of corn off it a year. It's what your pas would call bottom land.

"I don't know whether anybody lives there now but some people used to live there. Yes, and they really lived there. They farmed that land and loved that land till it got to be a part of them. Generation after generation since the first clansman from Scotland had worked that valley and made it a source of pride for the family.

"Now, as you know, if only one family owned the valley, then the other people in these parts had to take what was left, the mountain.

"There were several families on the mountain and all of them were poor. They had farmed what land they had, but that mountain just wouldn't give. They fought it for a long time, but there were rocks and erosion (that's washing) and too many other things against them. Finally, after years of disappointment, they stopped fighting because they knew the



mountain would always win. I guess that's how valley people came to look down on mountain folk as shiftless.

"There was one, though, in the valley who turned his eyes up to the mountain with no thoughts of boundary lines.

"The valley family had one son, a tall gangly boy with a spring in his stride. His name was Lewt. He had the big hands of a farmer, and he loved the land if anyone ever did, but he loved to roam the mountain too. He always had. That was how he knew Mary.

"Sometimes he tried to think of the first time he had seen Mary, but he couldn't. The McCutchin cabin was close enough down the mountain for the smoke from its chimney to be seen in the valley, and he had been going up there to play with the children for as long as he could remember. There were a lot of them and he got to like them all—especially Mary. It was easy for him to know Mary because she was like him.

"Lewt didn't know many people. He didn't know his father who was always talking about 'your future', and 'the family name', or his mother with her sweet face and inherited charity work. He did know the mountain and a little about its people because of Mary.

"As they grew up they were like other boys and girls. They hardly ever talked about what they were really thinking. Maybe they didn't have to, since their eyes always sparkled over the same jokes and they always felt shy at the same time. Lewt wasn't much at talking anyway except when he really got started on something he had thought out a long time. When that happened, he could say what he meant and it was usually well worth listening to. If he was talking to Mary she would treasure those things to herself for a while and then remind him of them later. Sometimes it made him almost afraid to talk to her, but mostly it pleased him that she remembered so well what he had said.

"Lewt hardly ever remembered the things Mary talked about because a great deal of the time she chattered on and on just to be nice or to satisfy a talkative mood. Those times were fun, but when she was quiet her thoughts were in her eyes, and he could see them. Anybody could, for there wasn't a speck of reserve or dishonesty in those blue eyes. I guess other people noticed them too, because her mother said more than once, "You needn't look at me like that, Mary McCutchin. That washin' has to be done."

"Lewt couldn't have said when he started loving Mary, but he knew one day that he had for a long time. Of course Mary had known all along but she wasn't one for telling a boy such things. She probably would have laughed if he had told her then, what with their being so young. Lewt didn't tell her, though. They didn't say a word about it. They met by accident on a path up the mountain one day, looked at each other with surprise, and that was all.

"No, it wasn't all. It was the beginning. By the time summer was over and fall had come, Lewt knew he couldn't leave. Life was so perfect that it might never be the same again, and he couldn't go away. Suddenly, that 'future' caught up with him and he had to face it. His father had a plan, and Lewt was to step in and carry it out. College, law school and family



pride were all mixed up in it and somehow they were inseparable.

"Before Lewt left, he went up to see Mary. It's funny that two people never have anything to say when they should be talking to make up for times when they would treasure one word from the other. Maybe that just happens when they don't say what's shouting out of their eyes. Anyway, I'm here to tell you that Lewt stood there without saying a word that girl's eyes were begging him to tell her. Don't you know why? He was afraid. He was afraid of what he had to meet outside his valley and afraid he wouldn't face it like a man without his mountain and his girl behind him. So he was pretending he was glad, glad to leave the land he had loved so long.

"Mary understood his pretending, but she kept hoping for one small bit of truth from him until he disappeared down the path.

"Lewt found out a lot while he was away from the valley. He learned how to work his mind hard and how to lose his thoughts in the pleasures his new friends offered. He learned not to really care half so much what happened around him, and he met a girl.

"She was a nice girl of average appearance. Maybe she was a little taller than he would have liked, but she wore the right clothes, said the right things, and smiled a lot. It was nice taking a girl to parties and talking about her to other boys. Her family was awfully nice about inviting him over for Sundays. Everything was nice. They planned to write and see each other during the summer. Then it was time to go home.

"Home. What was home to Lewt after that year? Was it the red fields of the valley? Was it the school or was it any place where he felt secure? Lord, he didn't know.

"He found his parents the same, yet different somehow. He and his father talked a great deal about law, world affairs and farming, while his mother fluttered around with questions and his favorite dishes.

"Lewt started in right away working around the farm. After he had blistered his hand on the sickle and got some of his old brown back from the sun, he felt more like a farmer. Still, it wasn't the same. He enjoyed what he was doing but he didn't feel a part of it the way he once had. His hands were the same but his thoughts weren't kin to the soil.

"The mountain loomed up before him and he looked at it.

"Mary. That was it. Why didn't he go to see her? Well, he couldn't. There was nothing to say. What could he say?

"School's nice, Mary. How's the mountain?

" 'I love you, Mary, but it doesn't make a damn bit of difference because I'm no closer to you now than I will be next winter.'

"Well, he couldn't go. That smoke from the cabin could climb to the sky, but he wasn't going.

"For two weeks he watched it, and then he went.

"The moon was low, and he could see every board in the cabin porch.

" 'Mary,' he called.

"Little Will came out the door.

" 'Sister's down at the spring,' he said.



"Lewt swung down the path to the spring, and then he stopped. Never had he seen a lovelier sight. Mary was dipping into the spring with a small pail. Her hair had fallen across her cheek like long strands of gold, and her dress was snow white against her bare arms and feet.

" 'Mary,' he said, 'would you give me a drink?'

"She jumped back like lightning and threw down the dipper.

" 'Lewt!'

" 'Mary, I wish I had come before now. If I had it to do over. . .'

" 'It doesn't matter.'

" 'You know I wanted to. You always know. I've ploughed our valley and watched this mountain, and now I've come home. I love you, Mary.'

" 'Lewt, I know you've ploughed and watched us and I know you love me, but that's all. It doesn't hold a promise any more. I haven't been in your heart since the day you made me alone and yourself alone and walked down that path. The reason you didn't come up here sooner is that you know you've done wrong, and the only way I can make it right is to be true to myself and hope you'll do the same. I love you, Lewt, but not the way I did, and I don't like pretendin'. I'm marryin' John Mase next month.'

"Well, that's all, Allie. That's the end. What? Oh, Lewt. Well, he went on to school, and then he got to be a lawyer like his father would have wanted if he'd lived. He got to be a pretty good one, too. In fact, he was so busy he never could find time for marrying.

"Now jump down, child. See, you've made me late. I had a case at the courthouse at three o'clock."

With that he patted one of the Mooney boys on the head and stomped out the door.

I walked over to the window and took a good look at that mountain. Then I went on back to cuttin' the calico.

---

#### NIGHT SONG

*I woke from sleep, so dark and still  
And heard the sound of a whippoor-will,  
Singing a lullaby. Showed a faint peep,  
She was lulling her little ones back to sleep.*

*Down through my window a million stars gleaming,  
Down on the world so silently dreaming,  
Down on a small bird in a nest,  
Hugging her babies so tight to her breast.*

*Surely there's beauty in summer nights,  
So dark yet lighted by myriad lights.  
Surely there's beauty in the song of a lark,  
Lifting a hymn to the king of the dark.*

MARIAN MUSTOE

# Faculty Row

TO EDITH

*Let us go then, you and I,  
Where Annelida is spread out, pinned  
To his paraffin-pan upon the table.  
Let us go, through Taylor's half-deserted labs*

*Where restless hours of experiment  
Proceed from an insidious intent  
To lead you to an overwhelming question . . .*

*(True or false?)*

*Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"  
(matching or completion)  
Perhaps the instructor will not quiz it . . .*

*In the room the students come and go  
Talking of Id and Super-Ego*

*The yellow fog that rises from the beakers  
The yellow fog that puts on its sneakers  
Testers upon the rim of the sink  
And slides down the drain—  
We shan't have to bear that stink again!  
There will be time, there will be time  
For our rhythm and our rhyme  
Time for you and time for me  
There will be time yet for addition  
Multiplication, and division  
For abstraction and distraction.*

*In the room the students come and go  
Talking of Id and Super-Ego*



*And indeed there will be time  
To wander back to Tate—  
Before classtime, I shall wonder, "Do I dare?"  
Time to turn and flee down the stair . . .*

*Oh, It's not T. S. Eliot, nor was meant to be  
How does one interpret him or H. D.  
Or Ezra Pound?  
The room spins round  
And in the room the students come and go  
Talking of Id and Super-Ego  
I wish I could escape with yellow smoke  
Down the drain  
But I am pinned to my wax-pan in pain.*

CARL DOUGLAS BENNETT

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## REFLECTIONS

*Once—dim September's come to view;  
The smiles—and tears—September knew;  
The homeward road gone from the sight  
Of homeless eyes;*

*The wind, coming from the plains  
With pinks and daisies on its breath,  
Looked in our autumn window panes  
And whispered low of autumn's birth.*

*Then the year would pass away,  
Its mantle white;*

*The bare earth whispers death by day,  
And winds scream death by night.*

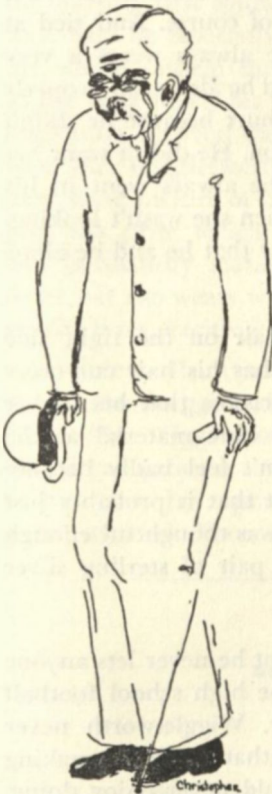
*Then with the spring, a young man's eyes  
Turned back, as now, to things forgot  
Lessons, or—other eyes—  
That spring had brought.*

DELVIN COVEY



# Poor Mr. Wigglesworth

By SYD WILLIS



Poor Mr. Wigglesworth. He's lived alone for nigh on to ten years now—ever since his last wife died of some strange disease. Nobody knew what the strange disease was because poor Mr. Wigglesworth had been so distressed over her death that he had not even called a doctor or mortician. He had just gone ahead and buried her himself—in the back yard—where he had the graves of his other three wives. Mr. Wigglesworth loved all of his wives very dearly and he just couldn't stand the thought of a doctor or mortician performing their strange functions on his beloved. And Mr. Wigglesworth was such a kind and considerate person that lots of folks in his neighborhood say he probably just doesn't want to bother anyone else with his troubles—so he just did it all himself. It was certainly not the money part of the situation. Why, every one knows that poor Mr. Wigglesworth has as much money as anyone in town—even if they had no idea how he earned it all — probably in his younger days, he had a thousand apartments or something like that. Anyway, it was certainly

not the money part of the situation.

Poor Mr. Wigglesworth has a cane with a twenty-four carat gold handle and tip. And poor Mr. Wigglesworth is as proud of his cane as he is of his four wives in the back yard. Every morning he takes his cane down from its shelf in the hall closet, unwraps it from three layers of tissue paper, and shines it until it is as bright as the sun—he loves the sun. Mr. Wigglesworth thinks that some day he'll take his twenty-four carat gold tipped and handled cane with him at 5:30 A.M. when he goes to get his newspaper from the Daily Star office.

The reason poor Mr. Wigglesworth goes at 5:30 in the morning to get his newspaper is because he thinks the first edition of the Daily Star is always the best. The print is ever so much neater than in the papers that are delivered. He has a whole closet dedicated to the sole purpose of housing every single one of those fresh, first editions. But to get back to the cane, I think Mr. Wigglesworth just doesn't want to hurt anybody's feelings, and that is probably the reason he never takes his gold tipped cane out with him; he doesn't want to tell people where they



could buy one because a good lady friend gave Mr. Wigglesworth that cane exactly 14 years ago this coming Christmas.

Just to look at poor Mr. Wigglesworth, you know right off that he is an outstanding man. You never see him unless he is dressed in his neat little suit—of the best fabric, of course, and black, of course. And tied at the collar of a stiffly starched best white shirt, he always wears a very small and inconspicuous bow-tie of black which he and he alone can properly tie. Of course if one of his wives' feelings ever got hurt because he didn't want her to tie it, THEN he would make an exception. He didn't want her to feel he thought himself a better bow-tier. But he always went in his dressing room on the first floor of the house, and when she wasn't looking, he'd tie it again himself. That was one thing he knew that he and he alone could do like it should be done.

Mr. Wigglesworth always parts his snow-white hair on the right side exactly five and one-half inches above the ear. He has his hair cut every three weeks—always. With his own sterling silver scissors that his barber keeps for him. But he has these covered in a soft blue material at the handles so that his friends in the barber shop won't feel badly because they don't have a pair of sterling silver scissors. But that is probably just because they never had a very dear lady friend who was thoughtful enough to think that any gentleman would like to have a pair of sterling silver scissors.

Poor Mr. Wigglesworth dearly loves excitement. But he never lets anyone in the whole world know it. He only goes to all the high school football games, and sits in his special seat. And poor Mr. Wigglesworth never took his wife with him to any of the games because that would be making her do something that she, as a dignified lady, would never enjoy doing. Of course poor Mr. Wigglesworth never gets so excited that he yells the school yells with all those charming little cheer leaders. Although he knows every single one literally backwards and forwards. What I mean is that poor Mr. Wigglesworth never yells unless you just happen to catch him with his program in front of his face, with just the very top part of his solid gold rimmed spectacles showing over the top.

Poor Mr. Wigglesworth has been head deacon in the First Baptist Church for longer than anyone in the First Baptist Church can remember. Everyone except Mr. Wigglesworth, that is, and he says it totals up to 23 years now. He has things organized just right there—especially when it comes to collection time. Mr. Wigglesworth always lets the others take up the collection and he watches from the back pew. He thinks it best to let the others do it. He loves to make people have a sense of duty and that's a good way to make them happy. He loves to make people happy. And he just loves to hear the light tinkle of money as it falls into the collection plate.



The choir's anthem always comes at the end of the offering. Poor Mr. Wigglesworth just loves to hear the anthem. It's the most pleasing thing to him next to the tinkling coins deposited by the kind and devoted souls of the First Baptist Church. He loves to hear the full and melodious voice of the leading first soprano—a neighbor of poor Mr. Wigglesworth's, by the way. And he especially loves the kind way she always looks straight at him the whole anthem through. It's such a sweet way of making the message of the song touch his very soul. Why, some would almost think there was something between them. But, of course, everyone knows it is only because poor Mr. Wigglesworth is head deacon in the church. Mr. Wigglesworth's most vivid picture of his beloved neighbor is of her dressed in her beautiful pink silk print which is just flared enough to show her pleasingly plump and beautifully matured figure to advantage. And that big, big, green straw hat she wears with it is so exciting. And, oh dear, how Mr. Wigglesworth loves exciting things.

Confidentially, the other day I overheard poor Mr. Wigglesworth talking to the druggist who was filling his prescription for sleeping pills—it seems Mr. Wigglesworth has had trouble sleeping soundly all his life. And if you promise to keep it a secret, I'll tell you what he said. It was that he has found his soprano neighbor so exciting she he and she have decided to be married. Poor Mr. Wigglesworth's wife!

---

## ***“Dear Mary”***

By DONNIE DONALDSON

“J.K.I.—1952—no#1023.

Mary turned the pin over. The brilliance of sapphires winked at her—blue to match her eyes, Johnny had said. Blue to remind her of how lonely she would be without him, she had whispered. The tiny diamond in the middle—flawless—like their love.

“I love you, Johnny.” Mary's lips silently formed the words as her eyes ran over the smiling photograph before her. The big tanned hand had written so carelessly across the picture, she remembered, and Johnny had laughed and joked with her as she watched over his shoulder.

Those deep brown eyes, his sandy hair that never stayed in place, his shoulders, broad and . . .

Moving her eyes away from the photograph, Mary glanced once more at the pin she held in her right hand as she pulled a small white envelope from her sweater pocket. A decisive jerk and the letter was torn in half. A small flame jumped lazily as a match scraped over the desk surface. In an instant the flame was gone and Mary was wrapping a small box for mailing.



# The Hidden Lake

By MARY ANN COGGIN

It was autumn now, and bright red and yellow leaves drifted lazily through the air and against Maria's face. Absently she raised her hand up into the air, caught one of the vibrant tree petals, and drew it down against her heart. As she walked slowly on down the curving path, she gazed searchingly at the leaf cradled so peacefully in the palm of her hand. Suddenly she curled her fingers brutally, crushing the tiny leaf into a billion brittle pieces. There was no answer here! Why had she come? What had she expected? There was no peace anywhere. But she kept on stumbling down the path. She didn't turn back. She *had* to go on.

Finally Maria rounded the last clump of trees, and—there it was! A star-studded pool set against the protecting arms of great soaring trees. A sudden blanket of bitter-sweet remembering swept over her as she stood there for the first time in almost three months. This was where her happiness had begun and ended.

She remembered the first day she'd come here. How well she remembered! She'd been with Charles, two years ago on the day of her graduation from high school. It had been a wonderful day and their discovery of the tiny, hidden lake had climaxed its perfection. They'd sat on the grassy bank and dreamed the afternoon away—dreams of a life together—for that had been the day Charles proposed.

There'd been many times after that, for Charles had wanted to finish college before they married. And in no other place could they feel so welcome with their love and plans. It was their special dreaming land where all troubles and antagonisms of life vanished.

After they'd finally married ten months ago, they still came to the lake, for even then there'd been that urgency, that feeling that they must spend as much time as possible alone together. And the lake seemed to be the only place where they were completely alone—a secret refuge, where no one intruded.

Then on November 25, Charles was inducted into the army. They'd been married only two months, but Uncle Sam apparently forgot that. Maria had felt as though her world had collapsed, and only Charles' gay promise had kept her from breaking down completely. "I'll be back, hon. You *know* I will. Why, our lil' lake'd probably dry right up if we left it all alone too long!"

Maria fell on her knees beside the lake, her body shaking with sudden tears that had refused to come until now. He'd broken his promise! He *hadn't* come back—and he never would.

After a time she raised her head and with tear-stained eyes looked dully



across the glistening beauty in front of her. She sighed. It was still the loveliest spot in the world but its beauty held no happiness for her now.

She rose and started back, her eyes straight ahead, her shoulders erect. This was a place for lovers, not for one, alone.

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# Without Strife

By LIBBY GLENN

"Without strife there is no creative urge" need not apply to the arts alone; it applies to progress of almost any kind—personality development, for example.

In schools of specialization where students are studying in one particular field, all too often they let themselves in for traveling through life in a deep rut.

Since the individual student's days and most of his nights are almost completely filled with striving toward his one objective, he feels he has little time for the pursuit of other interests, if he has them. He knows practically nothing of what goes on in the world about him except that which directly concerns him or his work. Therefore, it is relatively easy to prove himself a lazy creature by seeking like water his own level, his own level and nothing more. He may even carry it into his choice of friends, looking always for people with like interests, aims, and ideals. Upon finding them, he decides he has a pretty good set up, settles back, and lives "right jollily". In short, he begins to live in a world apart. Consequently, his personality development can be greatly endangered.

One of two things may happen, either he continues to exist in his own little world, becoming like a horse with eye blinds—seeing only its own path, or he begins to wonder one day why he feels an acute sense of frustration, why life seems just a little dull, why things have changed from the comfortable way they were, and why his life is perhaps a little empty.

If he is lucky, he wakes up to the realization that *likeness* can so easily lead to monotony, that contrast creates interest in any realm, even human relations. He decides that perhaps after all, "those others" may have something to give and it might help if he did take heed to the old sermon that one should take advantage of all his opportunities to learn of, and to explore new interests, new ideas and certainly new people.

If he does this, his interests cannot help becoming wider and with them, his versatility. His boredom will vanish and although it will take a little more effort and time and thought, his feeling of frustration and emptiness will no longer threaten or kill his creative urge. Life itself may then flow freely through his veins, but more important, signs of growth may be detected.

## TO TIME

*Arch-enemy! Robber! Unscrupulous cheat!  
You're smirking to see me here at your feet,  
Begging and weeping with all of my power  
For the extension of one little hour.*

*A few day's credit is all that I seek.  
For Johnny is coming, the game is this week,  
I've two books to finish for French parallel,  
And three tests which are driving me straight into—well.*

*Six meetings to go to\*—I'm nearing distraction—  
A program to plan that requires my prompt action,  
I owe eighteen letters, now no one will write me,  
And you're ticking onward, I know just to spite me.*

*Just give me an extension, that's all that I ask.  
Surely this once it would not be a task.  
Ask it again I promise I'll never  
If you'll just let this hour stretch into forever.*

—CAROLYN BLAKELY

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## AUTUMN

*Falling are leaves, now made crimson and gold,  
Cool are the winds that go whispering by.  
The richness of earth falls in slumber again.  
Smoldering smoke dwindles high in the sky.*

*Faces are bright as the greetings are made.  
Warm are the hearts reunited at last.  
Brisk is the air as the classes begin.  
Dark are the nights that bring dreams from the past.*

*This is a season of rust, brown, and red;  
A waiting for winter which is now just ahead.*

DORIS CHITWOOD



# LIBRARY LORE

Candler Memorial Library  
October, 1952

Dear Girls,

Left to my own devices, I always avoid long books. The same lazy instinct that sends you looking through the reserve shelves for assignment with the fewest pages makes me want to avoid long novels. Since so many of you have told me that Howard Spring's *My Son, My Son!* was one of your favorite books, I decided to tackle his *The Houses in Between*, in 505 closely written pages, complete with a genealogical chart of characters. I skimmed it at first. It was all about Sarah Rainborough and her nanny and her beautiful mamma who preferred the handsome Lord Burngate to Sarah's stodgy father, all about the English boarding school and the moors—as familiar as if I had written the book myself. Then I decided to stop my carping criticism and enjoy the book and I did enjoy it and I think you will.

Sarah Rainborough's narrative begins in 1851 when she is three years old and goes to see Queen Victoria open the Crystal Palace. She keeps up her writing until after her 97th birthday and by that time her friends are chattering about T. S. Eliot! Almost everything that could happen, happens in this book. Here is England in all her glory and her sad decline. Here are her great literary figures and her artists. Sara knows them all and moves among them with a keen eye, a warm heart and plenty of wit. When you have time for a long novel, I think you will enjoy reading this.

I can't leave *The Houses in Between* without calling attention to two books that should be mentioned in this connection. One is Christopher Hobhouse's *1851 and the Crystal Palace* and the other is *Duveen* by S. H. Behrman. Sarah's grandson hobnobbed with the art collector, Joseph Duveen, at the turn of the century but I just made his acquaintance last month when I read Mr. Behrman's best seller. I found the fabulous story of the way Duveen had spurred on Messrs. Morgan, Frick, Mellon and Kress to buy bigger and better collections highly entertaining and I think it is a book that all art students and lovers of art galleries would enjoy.

Another long book I read was *Witness* by Whittaker Chambers and its 808 pages held my breathless attention. Surely every Wesleyan student must have read reviews of it or parts of it in serial form. This account of

Chambers' childhood, the hardships that led him to look for a better way of life, the disillusionments of Communism, the Hiss trial, Nixon's belief in Chambers and Chambers' search for his soul seems to me magnificent. Some are repelled by its self analysis and its emotionalism. Nobody has denied that the writing is superb. I want to buy this book and have it for my own. Read fifty pages and see what you think of it. It is too important to miss.

The Reader's Digest kills many a good book by allowing us to sample and believe that we have read the book. No doubt many of you read Elizabeth Gray Vining's *Windows for the Crown Prince* in this way. The book is much better. If you haven't sampled it, let me say that it is an account of the author's four years at the Imperial Court of Japan where she was invited to teach English to the Crown Prince. Mrs. Vining taught Prince Akitito a great deal more than English and was herself enriched by her contacts with the Imperial Family. This is a charming book, simply told, and presents a moving picture of family life. Mrs. Vining's appreciation of Prince Akitito's integrity and intelligence makes us rejoice that one who so exemplifies these qualities had been sent to teach him. Mrs. Vining is a library school graduate and has written many successful books for young people. Perhaps some of you remember *Fair Adventure* or *Adam of the Road*.

As I read Mrs. Vining's book I kept thinking of how much I enjoyed Mrs. Landon's *Anna and the King of Siam* when it was published in 1944 and again when I re-read it after seeing Gertrude Lawrence in *The King and I*. And now Gertrude Lawrence is dead. If you admire her as much as I do, you ought to read her story of her life, *A Star Danced*, published in 1945..

And speaking of dancing, did you read Agnes De Mille's *Dance to the Piper* last spring? That's a grand book but I know Madge won't give me any more space.

Bring me your book interests. We'll shut the office door and talk out loud!

With love,

Katharine P. Carnes



# Desire Fulfilled

By BARBARA BARNES

I saw him standing there, very unconcernedly, at the fair. I knew that he was probably worthless, but he made such an appealing impression on me that I decided at first glance I wanted him.

His whole appearance was one of self-assurance. His hands were thrust nonchalantly into spotless white trousers and above his trousers he wore a turtle-necked sweater. A cap, shaped like a sailor's but adorned with tinsel, was set at a jaunty angle on his well-shaped head. He had a shock of reddish-blond hair that was sharply in contrast with his dark brows and even darker eyes.

From the time I first set eyes on him I felt that he was for me, but the common sense I had kept me from going near him. I knew that I could probably win him if I were willing to pay the price, but my stubborn common sense kept telling me that when I did get him I would have nothing. What use would a man like him be to me? My prejudice against carnivals and all that goes with them made me believe in my sensible mind that to want him was ridiculous.

But his attractiveness at last won over my will and I returned to the place where I had seen him. My pulse raced as one event followed another and I found him returning home with me.

And at home with me he has been ever since—my little white sailor that I won by throwing darts at the fair.

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## SAND AND SOUND

*There was a child  
And a pail and a spade,  
And also a shell and some sand.  
And a summer's day through which he played  
Touched by the wind's warm hand.*

\* \* \*

*There is a man  
And a grief and a care,  
And often a sigh and a frown;  
Yet the wind still warms the day's hard wear  
And over all, the ocean sounds.*

MYRA HIGHSMITH

# See You Christmas

By JAN GAY

Bill stuck his head in the door of the copy department at the radio station, saw me typing—and grinned as usual.

"Hi—I stopped by for a minute."

"I'll come out and talk to you." I yelled to the commercial manager, "Back in a sec."

Bill and I went out in front of the station where his car was parked, and got in—just like it was *any* day instead of this particular August Friday morning. But we knew it wasn't *any* day; it was *the* day.

We sat. I guess every girl who says goodbye to a boy, army-bound, thinks she's the only one it's ever happened to—and that hers is the only goodbye. But you don't say those things.

"You were supposed to leave at 9:00, Bill."

"Well, Mama had to give me last-minute instructions—and I almost never got everything in the car."

"I thought maybe you overslept. It *was* a teeny bit late when I went in last night!"

"You should know! But that's o.k.—I can sleep when I get to Texas."

"Do, Bill! Take care of yourself—"

"Don't worry, honey. The army'll look after me—there's a scarcity of second lieutenants!"

A tiny silence—then—

"Bill—your mother and I'll send you some candy next week."

"O.k., but don't you eat any of it. You're always worrying about getting fat, remember?"

"Oh, hush! I'm gonna practice bowling while you're gone, so I can beat you good and proper when you get home."

"Big chance! What was your score Wednesday night? 87 with both games added together, wasn't it?"

"Hush, nut! Just because you bowled 187, don't brag!"

He leaned over. "Honey—your nose is peeling."

"I know it, silly—we went to the beach last weekend, remember? And you were the bright boy who let me go to sleep in the sun!"

"Well, I'll make it up to you. I'll be sure and remember to fix that light on your front porch first chance I get."



"That's what you've been telling Pop for a month now."

"Well, I like it dark on your front porch. Purely consideration for the neighbors—remember Miss Anniebelle!"

Remember—remember—. We couldn't stop talking about things the two of us had done—things we shared. Right then it seemed so terribly important to prove—to us—to somebody—that we belonged together.

We were laughing—and then we weren't laughing.

"You'd better go, Bill—you've got a long trip."

"I know it."

We sat there.

"If you don't get out quick, honey, I'm gonna take you with me."

"That's not the way to make me leave."

Nothing to say

I opened the door fast and got out.

"It's not long till Christmas."

"Nope—I'll be home before you miss me."

"I miss you now, and you're not even gone yet."

"Jane—"

"Bye, Bill."

"Bye, Bill"—like I'd said a thousand times before. Only this time I didn't add, "See you tomorrow."

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## Grandma and the Candidate

By JEAN THRASHER

Mrs. Wilkes was listening intently to the radio. Her hands were folded tightly in her lap and her shoulders were sharply straight under her black shawl as the words blared forth, "We must make our country safe from further threats of Communist aggression. We at the same time must check the present inflationary spiral."

Suddenly Cynthia came to the doorway. Her blond hair was tousled and she clutched a yellow pencil and a book in one hand. "Grandma," she said, "could you please turn the radio a little lower. I can't seem to get this part about Germany's reasons for invading Poland with all the racket going on."

Mrs. Wilkes put her forefinger to her lips and then waved Cynthia to the sofa on the other side of the radio. Cynthia squirmed uncomfortably. During a break in the speech for applause she said quietly, "Cyn, you should listen to this. It's important to know what a man plans to do if he is elected president. That's the only way you know who to vote for."



"But, Grandma," Cynthia interrupted exasperatedly, "I don't care about the election. Yes, I know I'm old enough to vote, but what do I know about politics and things like that. I just can't listen to those men making speeches. They just drone on about the national debt and the Korean War. Worse than that they don't say anything. Gosh, it's so dull I couldn't listen if I had to."

Mrs. Wilkes straightened her shoulders away from the rocker and looked sharply at her granddaughter. "Cynthia Jones, do you mean to tell me that you aren't interested in who is elected president?"

"Of course, I'm interested, but I'm not excited about it." Cynthia hesitated. "You know, just like you are interested when State wins a football game, but you don't get all thrilled about it like I do."

Mrs. Wilkes cut off the radio, "Well, young lady, (Mrs. Wilkes always called Cyn young lady when she had been obstinate) perhaps you didn't know that your grandmother was a Suffragette," she said proudly.

Cyn snickered, "Grandma, you weren't! You didn't go around parading and poking people with hatpins. You couldn't have!"

"I paraded all right, but most of us weren't the type to use hatpins. We wanted to vote—to have some say about the laws we had to obey. I never will forget the first time I went to the polls. I felt that for once I was doing something really useful and what happened to the country was my concern. I was proud, I guess,—proud that I had helped in emancipating our sex."

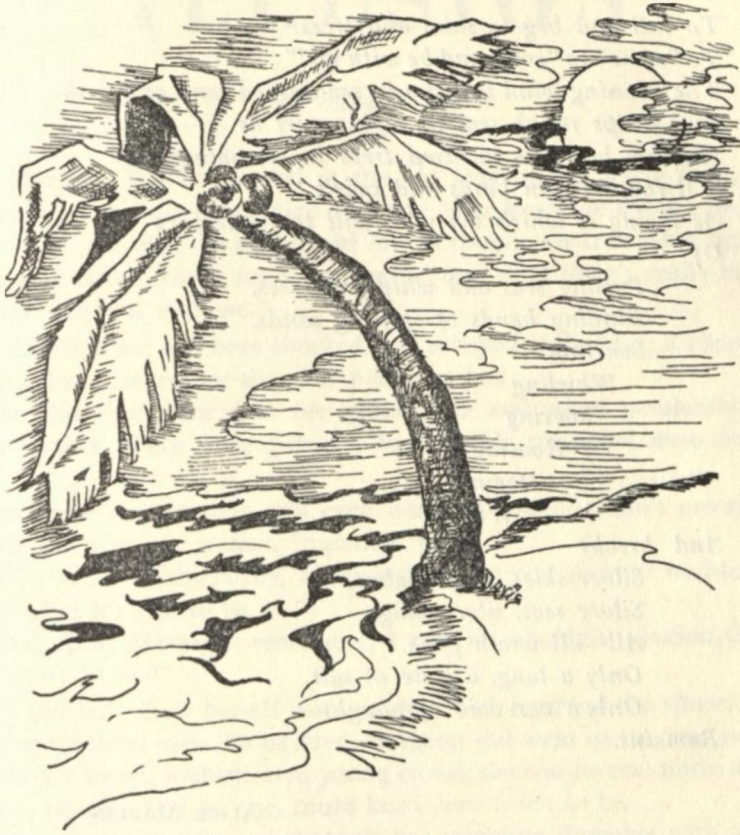
"Politics is so unfeminine. Besides I don't see how you can make heads or tails of it enough to know who to vote for."

Mrs. Wilkes spoke more quietly, "It's probably the most feminine thing in the world to want to make a nice home for your husband and children. Politics affects us every day—in what groceries cost and whether or not your son will have to serve in the army. As for knowing who to vote for, you just have to think and listen. You can always find out what a candidate believes. And after you've voted you feel free to criticize the way the government is run, because you elected the officials and they represent you. They represent every person who voted. Hand me your history book, Cyn. There is something I saw in it the other night I want to show you."

"Why there's nothing in there about voting. It's just a bunch of wars and treaties and causes and effects."

"I think you're wrong, Cyn. A good many of those wars would have never taken place if people had been careful in their choice of leaders. Yes—if they had just stood up for their rights. But what I really want to show you is something Carrie Chapman Catt, a leader in women's suffrage, said when the amendment was passed to let women vote. Yes, here it is. 'The vote is the emblem of your equality, women of America, the guarantee of your liberty. That vote of yours has cost millions of dollars and the lives of thousands of women . . . Your vote has been costly. Prize it.'"





## Hurricane

*The spell of the night—  
The swish-lap-beat of foam-flecked waves,  
Palms, dewy-dusted silver with the melody of the moon,  
Sky, blue-black-blank, tinsled with tingling, tiny darts,  
Of lilting liquid light.  
A slight sigh, heart-heavy warm of jasmine,  
Enfolds the downy drawn dream of tropic scene.  
A whisper of wind softly stirs the feathery fronds.  
The pallid palms from silver steal to gray to silent silver,  
As the dang'rous laden moon slips amongst a hostile host  
Of gray, ship-clouds.  
The blue-black murmur of sleepy seas wakes with  
Ready-roar!*

*To call and beg to skies and trees,  
 To "come" to "come and be with me!"  
 The whining wind whistles in sea-washed sand and rock  
 And whips rough seas to raging surf as  
 Humbly bow the tortured trees in screaming rage  
 'Til roaring rain binds and swirls  
 As raging it whirls my wild will to fierce fury  
 Of*

*Pulsing seas and whipping trees,  
 Binding bands of shifting sands,  
 Swirling  
   Whirling  
     Soaring  
       Roaring  
       Raging  
       Wrath—*

*And breaks  
   Silver skies, silver palms,  
   Silver seas, silver songs,  
   All—all wrath gone.  
   Only a tang, a taste of salt,  
   Only a vast void of naught—  
 Remains.*

ALICE MARLIN

### TOMMY

*Men are fickle. Don't you believe?  
 All they do is lie and deceive  
 A woman when she's being true.  
 It happened to me, but am I blue?*

*Do I sit and sulk all day  
 and try to think of some sly way  
 to get back and win his love?  
 Why, heavens no! My stars above!*

*A man will never make me cry.  
 Would you like to know just why?  
 Well, when he starts to be untrue,  
 That's when I get fickle, too!*

ANN HARRELL



# ILLUSION

By SHARON SMITH

As Margaret Simms glanced at the old lady beside her, a small frown creased her carefully tinted face. "I hope Miss Mathilde doesn't make this difficult for me. But the simple old soul is completely convinced that we're going to a ladies' resort for a few weeks' rest! And there's really no other way for Stephen and me."

At first Stephen had been shocked, had rebelled at the idea; it hadn't been easy making him realize that her plan was best.

Miss Mathilde glanced at her grand-niece and asked petulantly, "Is it much further where we're going? I feel terribly crumpled from sitting so long!"

"I'm quite sure no one will even notice if you just don't mention it," replied the younger woman impatiently.

"Oh, you are exasperating, Margaret! Of course, you have no idea whatsoever what it's like to be. . ."

"Now, Aunt Mathilde, remember, I said we wouldn't mention that this afternoon! Please!"

The old lady drew herself into a corner and regarded the situation with hurt, reproachful eyes. To be sure, Margaret did seem to try, but, well, like most of her smart, sophisticated young crowd, she had no real understanding of older people. And on one, could know how it felt to be. . .

Margaret's voice scissored through her rambling thoughts with a quick, relieved sigh. "Well, here we are, Aunt Mathilde. I'll have Nelson bring in the bags."

The grounds which they had entered were beautifully landscaped and bright with spring growth. The long black car halted before a rambling building where several women stopped their card game to turn and stare at the new arrivals from the edge of the porch.

"Nelson, you may bring the bags in. Just Miss Mathilde's right now. We want to get her comfortably situated first."

The chauffeur darted a quick look of disapproval at Margaret, but his "Yes, Ma'am" was obedient and respectful.

"Now, Aunt Mathilde, why don't you just sit here on this side of the veranda until I make arrangements about our rooms? Nelson will be back presently, and you can call him if you need anything."

Miss Mathilde had settled herself rather uneasily in one of the large chairs on the side porch, when a very dignified, if somewhat strident voice directed her attention to a group of chairs in the shade of a lawn umbrella nearby.

"Hello," said the voice. "Won't you come over and join me? I'm really not half as busy as I look to be."

Miss Mathilde was always wary about making new friends; some people



just didn't understand about her. But if she and Margaret were going to stay here a few weeks, she supposed she would have to be at least civil to the ladies here. She walked slowly over to the other woman. "Why, hello. I'm Miss Mathilde Pettibone. My niece and I have just come up for a few weeks here."

"Oh, I see. Well, of course, you know who I am." Without waiting for Miss Mathilde's reply she continued, "Helen Rath, of the Washington Herald. I cover only the most important news in the Capitol!"

Miss Mathilde studied the other woman carefully, noting her large, beflowered hat and her numerous strands of pearls. "My," she thought, "how nice it must be to be so busy and capable."

Just then the larger woman said, "Excuse me," picked up a telephone from the arm of her chair and continued. "Yes, this is Mrs. Rath. No, Senator, I'm sorry, the matter is out of my hands now. That is my final word; the story goes into print tomorrow! No white wash for you this time!"

"My goodness," thought Miss Mathilde, "how very efficient and masterful she is! Only, I wonder why the phone didn't ring before she picked it up?"

"That was Senator Clisby, trying to keep my story about his wife's new mink coat out of print. But I won't weaken, not one inch! It's time the public knew about such dirty trickery in our politics! But enough of my shop talk; let me order some tea for us."

So saying, Mrs. Rath picked up the phone again and said firmly, "Please send me a waiter right away. You know who this is."

Replacing the phone she added, "This phone is such a convenience. It doesn't ring out loud, but, of course, I always know."

Miss Mathilde shivered a little. She didn't want to offend her new friend, but anyone could see that she couldn't possibly have anything to drink! These intolerable people who were always being so polite, pretending not to notice! But she really must go before the waiter came, and besides, Margaret was surely looking for her by now.

Mrs. Rath was busy answering the telephone again, and Miss Mathilde took the opportunity to steal quietly back to the front porch. The ladies who had been playing cards had left, and the front door was tightly closed.

"Now, where is Margaret?", worried the little old woman. "Why - why - the car! It—it's gone! Margaret, and Nelson and the car—they're gone! How dare they!" Two hot tears slid out of her pale eyes, and began wandering down her parchment colored cheeks. Then she remembered that she couldn't afford, under any circumstances, to cry.

Suddenly Miss Mathilde felt very, very lonely, and very tired. It was beginning to grow dark, and she was unused to being alone in the dark.

"I know; I'll find my friend Mrs. Rath. She'll know what to do!", and she scurried away to find the lady columnist.

But Mrs. Rath was in no position to help even herself, much less anyone else. There were two white-clad people holding her arms. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Rath, you must come in now," said one of the men.



"But I'm expecting a call from the White House! You can't keep me from my duty! Don't you realize who I am?"

"Of course we do," said a young woman who had come up beside the group. "But it's time for us to go inside. I'm sure the President will understand if he's asked to call back tomorrow."

Miss Mathilde watched in horror as the two men led the struggling form of Helen Rath away. Now she understood; the woman was mad! All these people were mad! And Margaret, her own niece, had brought her here to be one of them! As the realization struck her, she heard the woman say to the retreating men, "When you get her in, come back for the Pettibone woman. Someone was careless enough to let her get outside before the doors were bolted for the night. You'd better bring a jacket; she may be difficult."

Miss Mathilde's first instinct was to run. "I must get out of here, before it's too late!" And she peered out to see if the nurse had gone. She could see the young woman fold up the umbrella, and stack the chairs against the wall. She picked up the telephone where it had fallen, pulled at the cord which was stuck quite uselessly in the ground, and carried the phone off with her grumbling, "I hope this Pettibone cookie doesn't give us any trouble!"

Miss Mathilde felt anger rising in her; how dare that awful young woman! How dare she! "I'll just tell her a thing or two; why I . . ." But Miss Mathilde remembered that she couldn't tell her anything. She had to get away quickly!

Quietly she moved across the porch and scurried across the lawn toward the gate. A stiff breeze had begun to blow, and that frightened Miss Mathilde, but she couldn't let anything stop her now!

And then, suddenly, it began to rain, and Miss Mathilde was terrified. Nothing was worse than rain! Not even insane people! Only fire was worse, but there was no fire to worry about here, just this awful, awful rain! She mustn't, couldn't get wet!

Back across the lawn she ran, stumbling a little on the damp ground. The rain was falling faster now; she had to hurry, to somehow get back to the building which had now become a haven from the terrifying wetness.

Suddenly several figures loomed up before her, frightening masses of white swooping down upon her. Miss Mathilde screamed and fainted.

When she opened her eyes, Miss Mathilde saw before her a large, kindly looking man who spoke in a soft voice.

"Everything is all right, now. Miss Pettibone. Just don't worry about a thing." He straightened up in his chair and took out a pencil and a note pad.

"Now tell me, Miss Mathilde, just when did it come to your attention that you were made of tissue paper?"

## RAILS AND THE NIGHT

*The giant wheels clicked on the ghostly blue-silver rails.  
The train with lighted windows tore apart the dark cloud of night  
With its pulsating pistons and fiery will—  
Onward into black nothingness.*

*Suddenly, a station—  
A lighted platform where a bent woman waited  
And a young child waved with excited arms.  
The scene shimmered and then was lost  
As a reflection in a dark disturbed lake.*

*Faces were at the train windows—  
Faces lined with thought or lax under the drug of steady motion.  
Where were they going these faces,  
These who breathed in union with the syncopated sound?  
What was behind them, these faces  
That looked through the windows at little towns and waving children  
And then rushed on leaving nothing  
But shattered night behind them?*

JEAN THRASHER

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### POEM

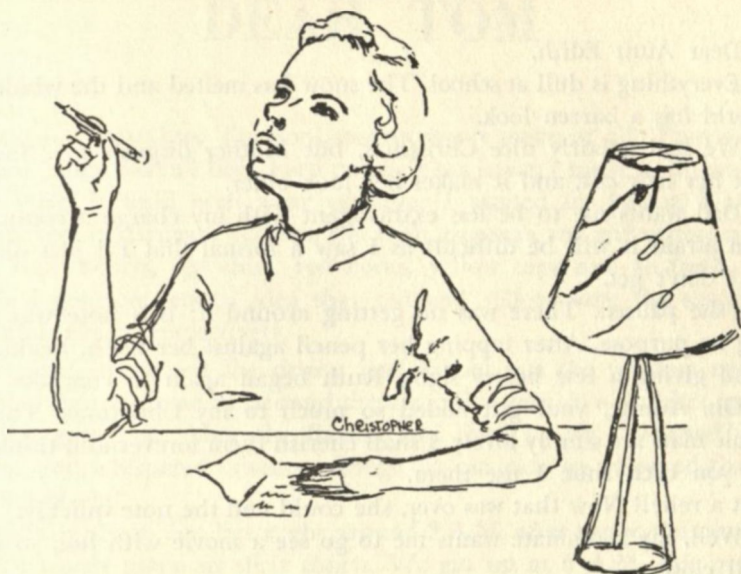
*And the wind caressing . . . caressing,  
First addressing, then regressing.  
And the sun burning . . . burning,  
First spurning, then returning.  
And the deep water, waiting . . .*

*And the boy and girl were watching,  
And the boy and girl were waiting,  
And the boy and girl were willing  
To surrender to the deep water waiting.*

*And the wind caressing . . . caressing,  
First addressing, then regressing.  
And the sun burning . . . burning,  
First spurning, then returning.  
And the deep water, waiting . . .*

JOY YARBROUGH





# Love, Aunt Edith

By LINDA STONER

The worst time of the year for a student is that period after Christmas when there are no more vacations to anticipate and always exams looming up in the near future.

That was the trouble facing Ruth as she sat at her desk. She smiled as she remembered the parties she'd attended, the fun she'd had, and the gifts she'd received. They were all pleasant memories, yet the thought of the gifts produced a frown. They reminded her of the thank-you notes that she had not written.

Not that Ruth didn't appreciate all her Christmas presents, but there was something decidedly displeasing about this necessary task of writing thank-you notes. Here it was her second week at college and she still had not written the first one.

Disgustedly she got to work, whipping up a number of very brief ones and a fairly lengthy one to her friend at State University. Thinking the job was done, a complete feeling of satisfaction spread over her. Then with a start she remembered Aunt Edith and her gift of the crocheted table mats. The whole matter irritated her. What would she ever do with crocheted table mats? And there was such an odd number at that, only three of them. What could she say in a letter? She and her aunt certainly had nothing in common.

Thinking of her good times she was missing on this beautiful afternoon, she painfully took out another piece of stationery and began:

Dear Aunt Edith,

Everything is dull at school. The snow has melted and the whole world has a barren look.

We had a fairly nice Christmas, but Mother disgusts me. She got her hair cut, and it makes her look older.

Dad wants me to be less extravagant with my charge account. I'm afraid it will be difficult as I saw a formal that I'll just die if I don't get.

Here she paused. There was no getting around it: this note was sadly missing its purpose. After tapping her pencil against her teeth, licking her lips, and giving a few hearty sighs, Ruth began again to compose.

Oh, Auntie, your gift added so much to my Christmas. The table mats are simply lovely. I shall cherish them forever and think of you each time I use them.

What a relief! Now that was over, she could end the note quickly.

Well, my roommate wants me to go see a movie with her, so I will close.

Lovingly yours,  
Ruth

Soon all the thank-you notes were mailed and forgotten. It was three weeks before Ruth was reminded of the incident. She was haunting the mailbox, hoping to hear from a masculine holiday acquaintance when she received a letter written in scratchy, almost illegible handwriting.

Through curiosity she peered at the signature first and was surprised to find Aunt Edith's. Although disappointed that it was not the anticipated letter, she was always glad to receive word from one of the family.

My dearest Ruth,

We had such a lovely Christmas. I had all my children and grandchildren with us. I can never remember having a nicer one.

I have the most wonderful neighbors in the world. Mrs. Begly sent me some lovely roses. My, I felt young and important again when the florist delivered them. They smell so sweet.

Mrs. Johnson, who lives in back, brought me a plate of cookies.

The Ladies' Aid is meeting at my house next month. I can hardly wait to hear the gossip.

My dear, I was so glad you liked the table mats. I have given a set to each of my nieces when they married, but I had to send yours now. You see, I have been losing my eyesight, and recently the doctor advised me to use my eyes as little as possible. Therefore I could not finish the set. Those three will be the last I'll ever be able to do.

Write soon, I enjoy hearing from all my nieces.

Love,

Aunt Edith

Ruth's roommate called to her, but she did not hear. She stood with the letter clutched in her hand thinking of how unthankful her thank-you note had been.



# DEAR TOM

Dear Tom,

I was most mistaken. The sophomores aren't mean at all. They're very, very nice. They haven't been hard on us. They haven't made us do anything much. Why, I could even wear whatever I wanted to. Just so I wore a hat three feet in diameter and two feet high, pajamas, red and yellow striped, yellow soph shorts, red shirt, red boots, yellow cape and so forth. After a while I got the general idea that red and yellow were the senior and sophomore colors, respectively.

Last night, we heard the drums and looked out the window and saw black clad figures parading around the water fountain. We couldn't imagine what was going on. After the figures had lined us up, "escorted" us to the gym, and whispered "sweet-nothings" in our ear; we gathered that this was "Rat-Night".

We finally got to bed last night around 2 A.M. after the sophomores had very generously given us their shorts. We got up at 6 A.M. this morning to dress. We wanted to look our best for this great occasion. We spent a great deal of time fixing our hair just right, and painting our fingernails, one yellow, one red and so on.

The sophomores have been very kind to us today. They've let us write letters, and they even let us lie down with our feet and hands in the air. It's very restful that way.

All of us freshmen are very happy. We sing all day long and show our exuberant spirits by walking briskly. It has really been a wonderful experience!

I'll write you as soon as I feel as *wonderful* again as I do right now.

Love from a lowly rat,

Mac Voigt

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## ODE TO CHAPEL SEAT

*I sit in chapel twice a week  
And listen to some big guy speak,  
And often time I wonder if  
The things he say are not just riff.*

*The seats are hard, my rear is sore,  
And that dumb guy is just a bore.  
My tummy growls—I want to eat,  
But here I'll stay on this hard seat.*

*I watch the clock, it's always slow.  
Oh how I wish that lug would go!  
I wonder if I dare slip out.  
That I'd get caught, I have no doubt.*

*The teachers sit just back one row,  
And everything I do they know.  
I dare not read, nor can I write,  
Else they come haunt me some dark night!*

*It wouldn't be so bad to me,  
If I could hear or even see,  
But words resound from every wall,  
And those in front of me are tall.*

*Oh, angry goddess, let it end,  
This fate which doth on me descend.  
I think I'd rather with Death meet,  
Than sit on this hard chapel seat!*

PAULINE MANN

#### WANDERING THOUGHTS

*Where am I  
It's beautiful  
Yet it cannot be  
Because it is not free beauty.  
The angles and the straight lines  
Of the many well-spaced bricks  
They greying clouds  
Touched by the dark green pines  
Long to make themselves known  
Enthralling quietness.*

*Where am I  
Usually among the eyes and the hurrying feet  
Oblivious to any other world—  
But now the inky pages  
Cease to cover the beauty  
I am not here—  
I am watching from afar  
So perfect  
Complete, but not free  
Compulsion—exactness*

*Time speeds past the angles  
And well-spaced bricks  
Quickly I must run to catch up with her.*

JOAN PRITCHARD



(Dear Freshmen: The Wesleyan Staff, knowing full well what you've been going through these past few weeks, thought perhaps you haven't been writing home like you should. Therefore, we have taken the liberty of writing one for you. Just check, clip, and mail.)

Dear

1. Mother\_\_\_\_\_
2. Daddy\_\_\_\_\_
3. Friend\_\_\_\_\_

I've been so busy lately that I haven't written because

1. I've been studying night and day\_\_\_\_\_
2. I've been dating constantly\_\_\_\_\_
3. I lost my pen\_\_\_\_\_

When you have time, please send me

1. Money\_\_\_\_\_
2. Food\_\_\_\_\_
3. Money\_\_\_\_\_

The money will be used to

1. Go to the show\_\_\_\_\_
2. Buy food\_\_\_\_\_
3. Pay back my roommate\_\_\_\_\_

Finally bought my books and am planning to use them to

1. Study\_\_\_\_\_
2. Mark in\_\_\_\_\_
3. Impress my teachers\_\_\_\_\_

As yet I don't know what to expect from my teachers but I think I'll

1. Do fine\_\_\_\_\_
2. Have to study a bit\_\_\_\_\_
3. Fail everything\_\_\_\_\_

Well, Rat Night came and went and it was

1. Lot of fun\_\_\_\_\_
2. Awful\_\_\_\_\_
3. Will write about it later\_\_\_\_\_

So far, my roommate has turned out to be

1. A good sport\_\_\_\_\_
2. Very sweet\_\_\_\_\_
3. Strictly from hunger\_\_\_\_\_

Believe it or not, the food here

1. Is good—
2. Is just like home\_\_\_\_\_
3. Has caused me to lose six pounds\_\_\_\_\_

My opinion of the men here is that they all are

1. Greek gods\_\_\_\_\_
2. Scarce\_\_\_\_\_
- 3 Impossible\_\_\_\_\_

The girls here are divided into four separate groups, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. My impression is that the Freshmen are

1. Cute\_\_\_\_\_
2. Full of spirit\_\_\_\_\_
3. Scared\_\_\_\_\_

The Sophomores are

1. Full of fun and foolishness\_\_\_\_\_
2. O.K. after get to know them\_\_\_\_\_
3. Unprintable\_\_\_\_\_

The Juniors are

1. Best class next to ours\_\_\_\_\_
2. Our big sisters\_\_\_\_\_
3. Boy crazy\_\_\_\_\_

And the seniors are

1. All married, engaged or pinned\_\_\_\_\_
2. Dignified and wise\_\_\_\_\_
3. Showing signs of old age\_\_\_\_\_

Guess that's about all. Write to me and don't forget to send

1. Money\_\_\_\_\_
2. Food\_\_\_\_\_
3. Money\_\_\_\_\_

Love,

Mary\_\_\_\_\_

Betty\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_